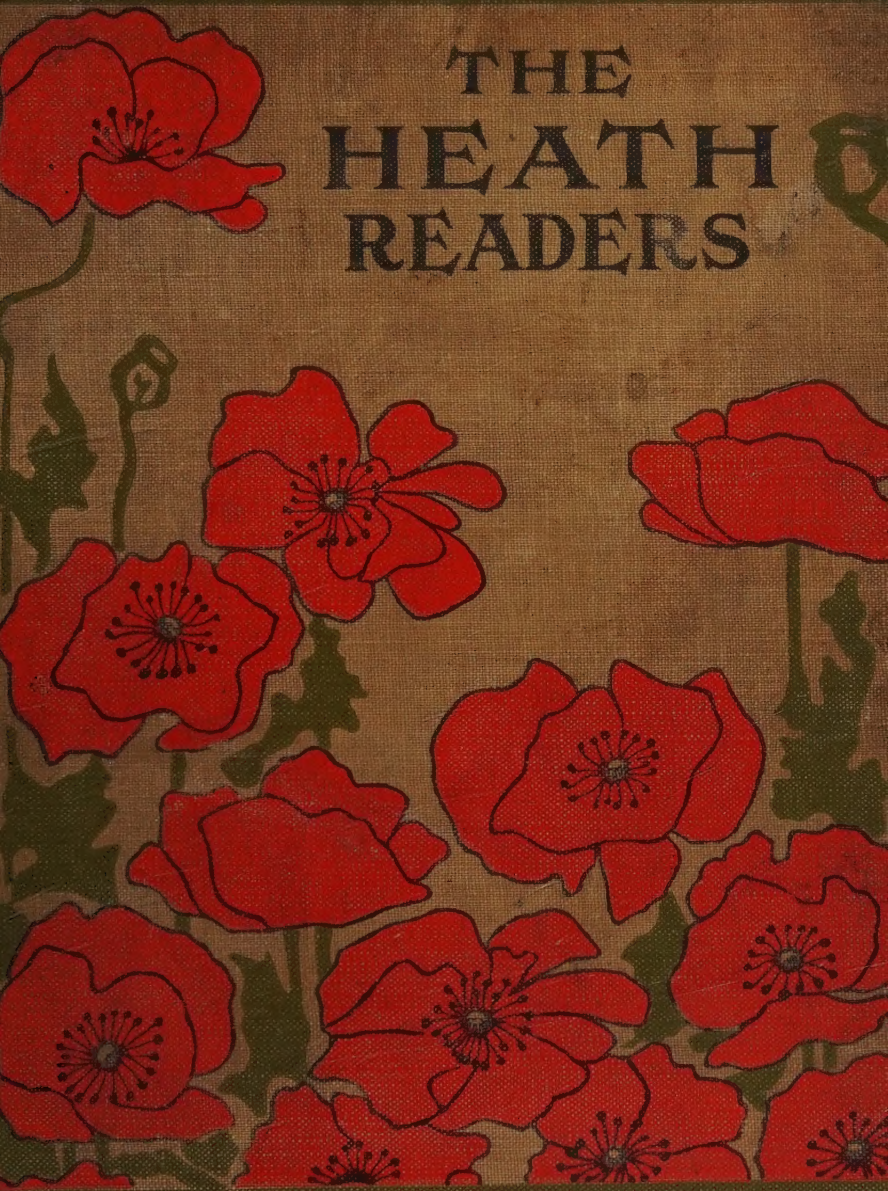
THE HEATH READERS



SECOND READER

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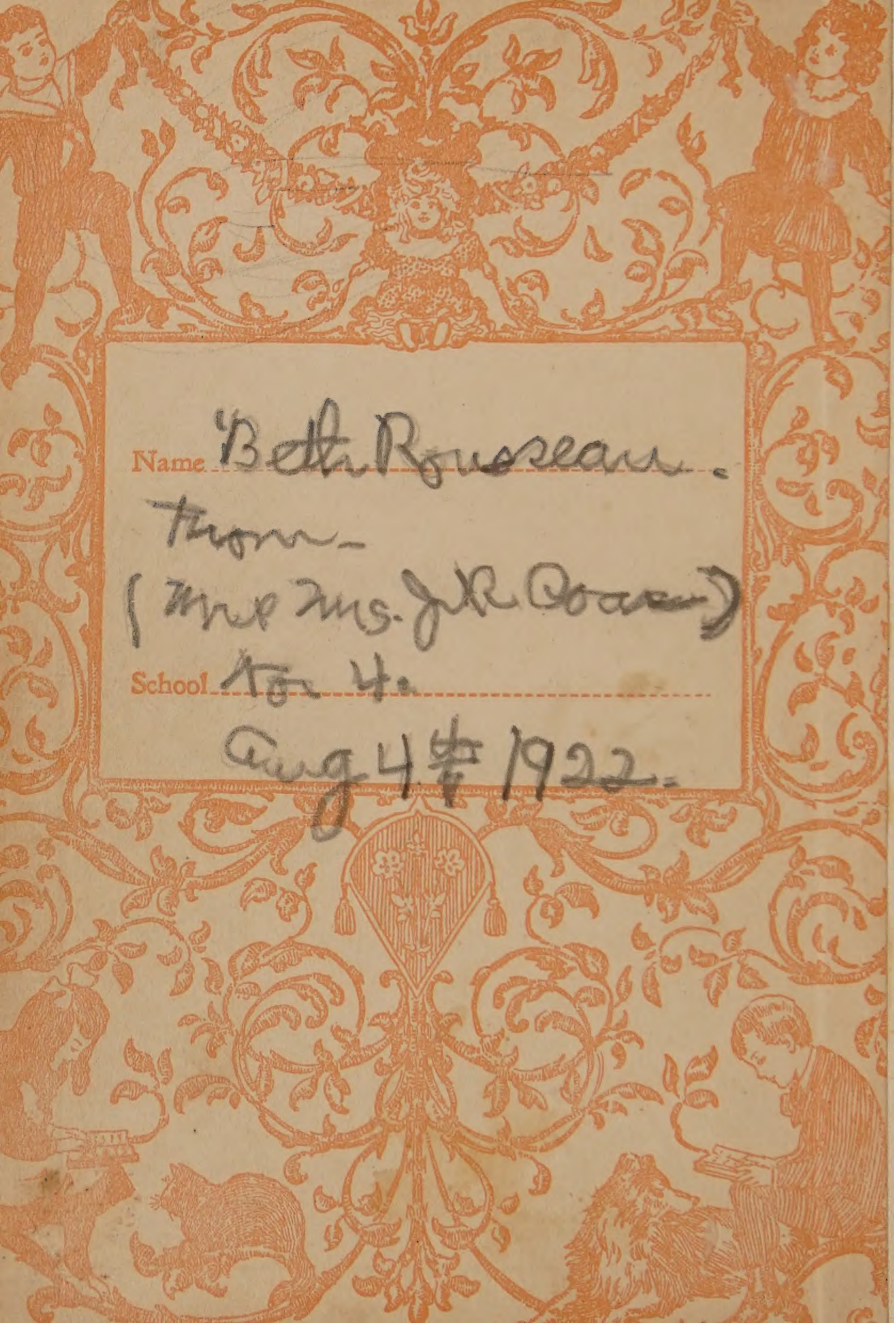


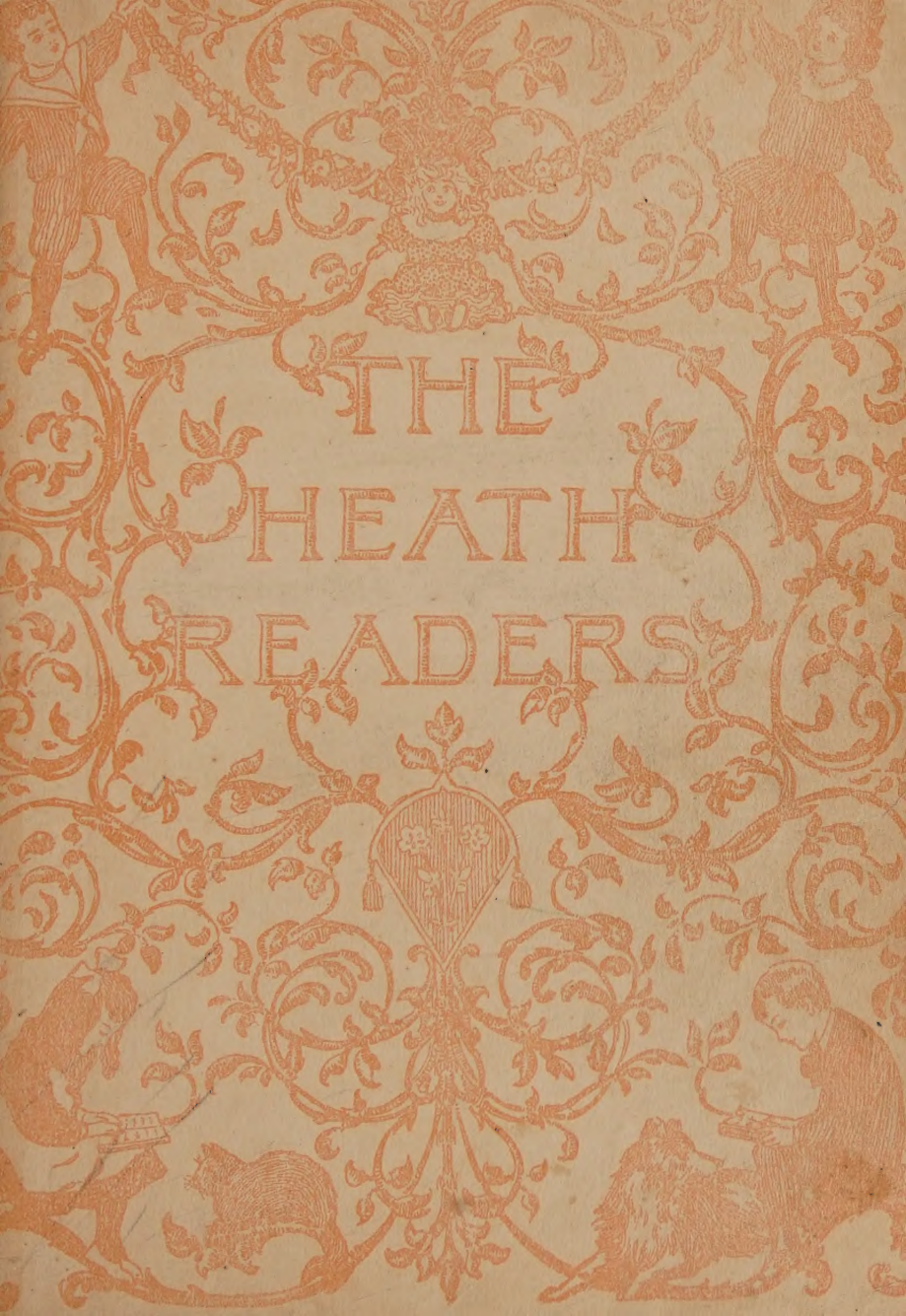
Name Betty Rousseau.

From—

(Mrs Mrs. J.R. Rousseau)

School 4th H.

Aug 4th 1922.


THE
HEATH
READERS

THE HEATH READERS

SECOND READER

WHAT WE DID ABOUT POLLY.

See page 166.

THE HEATH READERS

SECOND READER

D·C·HEATH·AND·COMPANY
BOSTON·NEW YORK·CHICAGO

THE

HEATH READERS

COMPRISE

A Primer
First Reader
Second Reader
Third Reader
Fourth Reader
Fifth Reader
Sixth Reader

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PREFACE

THIS little book would give to the children: —

1. A large amount of easy, interesting, and carefully graded reading matter.

2. Memory gems, which will appeal to their interest and fancy.

3. The best and most suggestive pictures.

In its preparation this ambition has been constantly in mind — to interpret the child's world in accordance with his natural rather than his acquired interests.

We have asked, first of all, what the younger children crave and always choose when given a reasonable amount of freedom. Is it not a crisp and lively record of action and conversation, rather than mere narration and description? Are they not at once charmed by stories of other children, their sports and pets, and by animal life and action? Do they not welcome flower fancies, bits of adventure, and fairy lore?

"What shall I write about in the book for you?" inquired Richard Le Gallienne of his clever little daughters.

"Oh, about Cooky, and the boy who brings the meat, and the donkey, and the dolls!" was the instant response.

The Second Reader is content to be a story book rather than an encyclopedia of useful knowledge. As such it is sent to the children by the publishers.

THE HEATH READERS represent the best thought and skill of a goodly number of persons notable either for their success as writers of books for children, their skill as teachers of reading, or their experi-

ence in directing those who teach. All these have worked together upon a well-formed plan that insures unity and definiteness, as well as breadth and flexibility.

The translation of the Norwegian story, "The Three Goats," is from Emilie Poulsson's "Through the Farmyard Gate," and is used by permission of the Lothrop Publishing Co.

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From a painting by Heywood Hardy.

BUTTERFLY CHASE

SECOND READER

THE BUTTERFLIES

Oh! you pretty things! How fast you fly!

I must chase you, yellow butterflies.

You are like two flowers.

Can a flower have wings?

Shall I catch you? If I catch you, I will not hurt you.

You are so pretty I could not hurt you.

I would be very gentle with you.

I could not bear to brush the dust from your wings.

You like to fly about in the sunshine.

I love to run in the fresh air.

Fido likes to run with me.

Fido, why do you bark at the butterflies? Do you want to catch them?

It is better to let them fly.

They will find a lovely flower and light on it. They will sip nectar from it.

You do not know what nectar is, do you, Fido?

It is a sweet juice in the flowers.

My mother told me how to find it.

Eat a clover blossom, if you wish to know.

How you bark, Fido!

Do you mean to tell me that dogs do not eat flowers?

Fly away, butterflies, and I will run with you.

It is such a good day to run.

butterfly	nectar	clover
butterflies	juice	blossom

THE BUTTERFLY THAT WAS HURT

It was a lovely day.

The sun shone warm and bright.

There was a pleasant wind blowing the flowers.

I was a little girl only six years old.

A butterfly came to a rose near me.

I put out my hand and caught it.

It tried to get away, but I held on.

The blue and gold dust came off on my hand.

After a while it was still.

I opened my hand, and it fell to the ground.

I picked it up and tried to make it fly. It could not.

I had hurt the poor little thing.

It could not fly in the bright sunshine.

It could not sip nectar from the flowers.

Would it ever do this again?

I was only a little child, but my heart was very sad.

I cried a long, long time.

The butterfly lay still in my hand.

Is it dead? Have I killed it?

Oh! It begins to move. I am so glad! I will put it in the sunshine.

I do hope it will live.

I will never, never again catch a butterfly.

try	cry	picks	ever	know
tried	cried	killed	never	knew

If a task is once begun
Never leave it till it's done;
Be the labor great or small
Do it well or not at all.

TO A BUTTERFLY

MEMORY GEM

Oh! pleasant, pleasant were the days,
The time, when in our childish plays,
My sister Emmeline and I
Together chased the butterfly!
A very hunter did I rush
Upon the prey; with leaps and springs
I followed on from brake to bush;
But she, God love her, feared to brush
The dust from off its wings.

— *William Wordsworth.*

Emmeline prey brake bush

HARVEST MICE

Did you ever see such mice before?
This is our little house in the wheat.
We must keep very still, or the reapers will find us.

(*Father comes near.*)

What do I hear in the wheat?
Eep! eep! eep!

I hear mice in my wheat. That will never, never do. I must find those mice.

Eep! eep! eep!

Oh! what dear, little mice! I must carry them home.

What will you do with us, Big Man?

Do not give us to the cat.

Give you to the cat? The old cat shall never have you. You shall find a nest in my heart. I will keep you there forever and a day.

Eep! eep! We are happy mice.

reapers wheat

MEMORY GEM

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruins,
And moulder in dust away.

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

From a painting by Madeline Carpentier.

DOES YOUR MOTHER WANT YOU?

"Come, let us sit down, Marie. We have had a long walk."

"It was not so *very* long, Claire."

"It seemed long to me."

"That was because baby was heavy Did you like your ride, baby?"

"You had a nice ride in the basket.

"Now we will rest under the trees."

"This is where we found dandelions last week."

"Do look at them now, Marie. They have gone to seed."

"They look like little puffs."

"Do you want one, baby? Let me tickle your nose.

"See baby, how funny she looks!"

"Do not do it again, Claire. It will make her cry."

"Let us see if mother wants us. Blow three times, as hard as you can.

"Are any seeds left?"

"There are four on mine."

"Then mother must want us. She wants us at four o'clock.

"We must go very soon."

"There are no seeds left on mine.

"Where have they all gone?"

"Do you not see that each seed has silky wings?

"When the wind comes, it blows them away.

"They find new homes in the earth.

"Next year they may grow and become flowers."

"Who told you that, Marie?"

"Father did; you know how wise he is. He knows a great deal about the flowers."

"Let us go now. Mother must want us by this time."

Marie Claire heavy tickle silky

Twinkling stars in heaven keep
Watch o'er children as they sleep.

A HAMMOCK SONG

Swing high, swing low,
Swing to and fro!
Up to the moon
Shall the baby go.

Up to the moon
So big and round,
Then shall the baby
Touch the ground.

Swing high, swing low,
Swing to and fro!
And steal the moon
For the baby-o!

THE GAME OF BALL

"Let us have a game of ball at Riverside," said Harry.

"Hurrah! that is just the thing," said the rest.

"It would be better if we had another nine to play against us," said Tom.

"We can have a good time by ourselves," said Ralph.

"The Riverside ground is the best

one anywhere. It is marked just where to play."

"Who is to be the pitcher and who will catch?" asked Tom.

"Harry is a good catcher, and Ralph can pitch better than any of us."

"Let us choose Harry as catcher and Ralph as pitcher," said Robert.

Robert is the first to take his place, bat in hand. Ralph pitches the ball.

Harry stands behind ready to catch.

The ball goes too high above Robert's head. He does not swing his bat.

Harry throws the ball back to Ralph. Robert now has another chance.

This time Robert swings his bat as hard as he can. He hits the ball, and away it goes off the grounds.

He runs to the first base.

"Run to another base!" cry two or three boys at once.

"Run clear around!" the boys shout.

Robert makes all the bases. Then there is shouting and clapping of hands.

As soon as Robert hit the ball there was a great scramble to stop it. The other side wanted to put Robert out before he could get around.

Now it is Tom's turn to hit the ball. Ralph pitches it too high, as before.

Tom strikes at it every time.

He does this three times and misses. Harry catches the ball each time.

This puts Tom's side out.

There is louder shouting than ever. Then the other side takes its place.

marked	choose	scramble
pitcher	shout	clapping

From a painting by S. Carter.

CAN THIS BE MAMMA?

"Come, let us take a walk."
"Where shall we go?"
"Let us trot down this long path."
"Do you think we can run so far?"
"Oh yes, we are not baby dogs now."
"What is that house by the wall?"
"That is where mamma lived once."

"How do you know, Tiny?"

"Mamma told me."

"Where is mamma now? We have not seen her for a long, long time."

"She may be in the house. Let us look in and see. Yes, there she is."

"Come out, mamma, and play with us."

"I cannot, my dears. I have on my best collar.

"While I wear it, I must stay here. It is made fast to my house."

"Why did you go away, mamma? Why did you leave your baby dogs?"

"I had my work to do, my dears. When you are older, you will be busy too."

"Mamma, you do not look like yourself. Your ears are strange.

"They do not lie down as ours do.

"Your nose is too sharp. You do not look like our mamma."

"Can this be mamma?"

"Shall we look like this when we are as big as mamma?"

"Can this really be mamma?"

trot lived really collar

THE OTHER LITTLE GIRL

It is Saturday, and there is no school for Bertha. She is helping mamma.

"I need some water, dear," says her mamma.

So Bertha takes the kettle and runs to the spring.

She takes the tea-kettle along.

As Bertha looks into the spring, she sees a little girl.

The girl has on a white cap and a white apron. She has wooden shoes, just like Bertha's.

When Bertha smiles, the other little girl smiles.

If Bertha looks sad, the other little girl looks sad.

Bertha speaks to her:

"Little girl, will you come and play with me?

"I want a sister very much. I do not like to play alone.

"You shall sleep in my bed, and I will give you my Sunday dress. You shall have my doll and my bird.

"Do come out of the spring, little girl. I know I shall like you.

"You always do what I do. If I laugh, you laugh."

Mamma now calls to Bertha:

"Bertha, dear, fill your kettles and come along."

From a painting by V. E. Van Camp.

Is there a real little girl in the spring?

Bertha likes to think so.

She knows it is only her picture in the water.

Did you ever see pictures in the water?
Do you know what makes them?

Bertha	speaks	kettles
apron	laugh	picture

THE MOUSE WHO WAS AFRAID

I will tell you a story of a mouse.

She was very much afraid of the cat.

She did not dare come out of her hole.

So she went to her Fairy.

"O, good Fairy!" she cried, "make me a cat.

"Then I shall be afraid no more."

The Fairy heard the poor mouse's cry, and was kind.

She changed her to a cat.

For a time the changed mouse was happy.

But the dog barked at her and chased her.

Soon the cat was afraid, just as the mouse had been.

"O, kind Fairy!" she cried, "make me a dog. Then I shall be no more afraid."

The Fairy heard her cry and was kind.

She changed her to a dog, and for a time the dog was happy.

He barked loudly, and chased all the cats he saw.

By and by he heard the lion roar.

Then he was filled with fear.

"Kind Fairy," he cried, "only make me a lion.

"Then I shall be so great that I need fear no one."

The Fairy was kind and made him a lion.

Then was the lion very happy.

He roared loudly at night. All the jungle was in fear.

But men came and tried to kill him.

The lion went in haste to the Fairy.

"Make me a man," he cried. "Make me a man at once. Then no one can make me afraid."

But the Fairy was very angry.

"Since you have a mouse's heart," she cried, "be a mouse once more."

So the poor mouse crept back to her hole.

mouse	lion	jungle	roar
changed	filled	crept	roared

From a painting by E. Blume.

A SHOWER INDOORS

It rains outside, and mamma says we must stay in the house.

I am sorry, for I like to go out-doors when it is wet.

What would I do if I could have my own way?

I would run through all the puddles, and I would stand under the spout.

I am not sure but I would lie down in the water.

Why may we never do what we would like best?

"What shall we play, Hazel?

"Oh, I know. Get papa's big umbrella. We will play it is a tent.

"You may sit under it, and play that you are camping out.

"Now we will have a shower. You know it often rains when we camp out.

"Don't be afraid, Hazel; your tent will shed water.

"Hear the little drops come pattering

down. The water is all gone from the bottle."

"Oh, Herbert! see how wet the rug is. Do you think mamma will care? I hear her coming."

"I am afraid she may not like it."

"What do you think mamma will say?"

puddles shower umbrella pattering

WHO LIKES THE RAIN?

"I," said the duck, "I call it fun,
For I have my little red rubbers on.
They make a cunning three-toed track
In the soft cool mud. *Quack! quack!*"

Sang the brook, "I welcome every drop.
Come, come, dear raindrops, never stop
Till a great river you make of me,
Then I will carry you to the sea."

— *Clara Doty Bates.*

From a painting by Rudolph Epp.

SANDY AND THE CRAB

"Do you see this, Sandy?"

"Yes, yes, my master! do let me have it."

"Not so fast, Sandy; it might hurt you."

"Hurt me, Master Tom! how can you

say that? You forget what a large, strong dog I am."

"But why should I let you have it, Sandy?"

"I should like to bite it very hard."

"Why do you wish to bite the poor little crab?"

"It is very ugly. I do not like the way it looks. I do not like the way it puts out its claws."

"Well, Sandy, I do not blame the crab. The way you bark is enough to make any crab spread all its claws."

"Master, master, do let me have it. Let me shake it up, just a little."

"Mary Ann does not like it. See how big and wild her eyes are!"

"No, I do not like it, but I have no wish to touch it," said Mary Ann.

"Once I saw one in a basket. I just put my paw on it to see what it was.

"It held on so I could not shake it off. Oh, how it hurt!

"I ran up and down shaking my paw, but it would not let go.

"Miss Nellie took it off for me. My paw was sore for days.

"No, I do not wish to shake it, and Sandy would not if he knew."

"Do you hear that, Sandy? Mary Ann is a wise cat. You will be sorry if you meddle with the crab."

ugly spread meddle trust

Sing a song of seasons,
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

THE SUN IS GONE DOWN

The sun is gone down,
And the moon's in the sky;
But the sun will come up,
And the moon be laid by.

The flower is asleep,
But it is not dead;
When the morning shines
It will lift its head.

When the winter comes
It will die — no, no;
It will only hide
From the frost and snow.

Sure is the summer,
Sure is the sun;
The night and the winter
Away they run.

— *George MacDonald.*

From a painting by H. Salentin.

WE THREE

My papa has three boys. Here we are on the bench.

I am the big boy, and my name is Harry.

Billy is the small boy; and then there is Prosper.

But Prosper is only a dog, you say?

I know it, but he is almost as good as another brother.

Sometimes I think he is even better.

Billy can be very bad at times.

One day he broke my bow, and lost the arrow down the well.

He ate up my part of the cake mamma gave us.

Then he threw my ball on the roof. It fell into the gutter where it was very wet.

John brought the ladder and went up on the roof.

He found my ball, but it was spoiled.

Then I cried, for it was my birthday

ball. I hid in the barn, and cried in the hay.

Prosper soon found me. He licked my face very hard with his great tongue.

I could not stop crying, so Prosper began to howl.

As long as I cried he howled.

It began to sound funny. After a while it was so funny I had to laugh.

After you once laugh it is no use to cry again.

So we went out to look for Billy, but we could not find him anywhere.

At last, every one left the farm to hunt for him.

I went with John in the big wagon. We drove more than a mile from home.

It began to rain, and the sky was very dark.

At last, we heard Billy crying. Then we saw him sitting down by the road.

He had his money-box in his hand.

"I am going to town to buy Harry a new ball.

"I'm afraid of the rain, and I want my supper," he cried.

He was a tired little brother. His face was dirty and covered with tears.

I put my arm around him, and said, "Never mind about the ball, Billy."

When we got back, Prosper jumped and barked until mother had to tell him to stop. No, we could not spare Prosper; he is one of us.

I could not spare Billy, even if he does spoil my things.

arrow roof brought birthday money
Prosper gutter ladder tongue howl

From a painting by Mrs. H. P. Allingham.

THE PENNY ALICE FOUND

Alice dropped her work box on the floor. One spool ran under the sofa.

She got down on her hands and knees to find it.

She found something else. It was a new penny.

"May I have the penny?" she asked mamma.

"Yes, my dear, I am glad to let you have it. You have been a very kind little girl all day.

"Your busy feet have taken many steps for me. Your hands have picked up baby's toys."

Alice's face grew red with joy.

She loved to hear her mother say she had been good.

Her cousin May had been sick a long time. She had come to make Alice a visit.

Alice loved May very much. She let her take her best doll and all her picture books.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, "may we go to Dame Wilson's and buy something with the penny?"

"Yes, indeed," said mamma.

Then Alice and May put on their bonnets and cloaks.

Alice had a white bonnet and a green cloak.

May had a white bonnet too, but her cloak was gray.

Dame Wilson was an old, old lady.

She wore a close black cap and a black shawl. She used a room in her house for a shop.

There were many things in the shop.

Everything Alice wanted cost more than a penny.

She did not wish to buy candy. She wished to buy something to keep.

"Here is a little flatiron for a penny," said Dame Wilson.

"Can you really iron with it?" said Alice.

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Dame Wilson, "you can iron very well."

So Alice bought the flatiron.

"We will go home now and iron Ada's clothes," she said.

"I wish I had a penny," said May.

Alice looked at the tiny flatiron. She smoothed the hem of her cloak with it.

Then she said, "May, I will give you this flatiron, because you have been sick."

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried little May, too happy to say more.

dropped	knees	cloak	flatiron
spool	cousin	shawl	smoothed

RUTH AND FRANK

Ruth and Frank were two little children who lived in the country.

They were happy, healthy little people who ran and played all day long when school did not keep.

They went barefoot in the summer, and Ruth seldom knew where her hat was.

Frank's hat was always in a sad state, but no one minded, if he was good.

Mr. Richardson, their papa, went into the city three times a week to sell vegetables.

One day Ruth and Frank went with him. The children never forgot that day.

They saw miles and miles of hot streets without a blade of grass.

The sidewalks were full of dirty children sitting around, many too hot and lifeless to try to play.

"Just think, mamma," said Ruth, "no grass or hay to roll in — no cows to drive, no swings, no trees, no flowers. How can they live?"

"Why don't you carry them some flowers?" said mamma.

"Oh! we will, we will," cried Ruth and Frank. "We'll get up early to-morrow and begin to pick them."

So the next morning, after their early breakfast, they ran into the daisy field.

They worked hard and picked hundreds of the pretty flowers.

Mamma helped them tie the bunches, and all were kept fresh and bright in the horse trough.

The next day Frank and Ruth rode into town with their papa.

They had a bushel basket under the seat packed full with tiny bunches.

When they began to give out the flowers you should have seen the children.

They came by dozens. The street

was black with them. It seemed as if they had sprung up out of the earth.

The basket was empty before Frank and Ruth knew it.

"Never mind, sister," said Frank. "The next time we come, we'll take another street."

All that summer the children went to town at least once a week with their flowers.

Other children began to help them, and one day Mr. Richardson carried nothing but the baskets of wild flowers.

Who do you think were happiest, the children who got the flowers, or those who gave them?

sidewalks seldom bushel happiest dozens
trough least empty breakfast hundreds

DAISIES

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadow of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the Moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For, when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped
them down
Into the meadows of the town.

—*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

THE THREE GOATS

There was once a boy who had three goats.

All day long they fed upon a rocky hill, but at night the boy drove them home.

One night when he went to get them, the frisky things ran into a turnip field.

He tried long and hard, but could not get them out.

Then the boy sat down on the hill-side and cried.

As he sat there a hare came along.

"Why do you cry?" asked the hare.

"I cry because I can't get the goats out of the field," answered the boy.

"I'll do it," said the hare. So he tried, but the goats would not go out.

Then the hare sat down and cried.

Along came a fox.

"Why do you cry?" asked the fox.

"I am crying because the boy cries," said the hare; "and the boy cries because he can't get the goats out of the turnip field."

"I'll do it," said the fox.

So the fox tried, but the goats would not go out.

Then the fox also sat down and cried.

Soon after a wolf came along.

"Why do you cry?" asked the wolf.

"I am crying because the hare cries," said the fox; "and the hare cries because the boy cries, and the boy cries because he can't get the goats out of the turnip field."

"I'll do it," said the wolf. He tried, but the goats would not leave the field.

So he sat down beside the others and began to cry.

After a little while a bee flew over the hill, and saw them all sitting there crying.

"Why do you cry?" said the bee to the wolf.

"I am crying because the fox cries, and the fox cries because the hare cries, and the hare cries because the

boy cries, and the boy cries because he can't get the goats out of the turnip field."

"*I'll* do it," said the bee.

Then the boy and the hare, and the fox, and the wolf, all stopped crying a moment to laugh at the tiny bee.

He do it, when they could not!

The tiny bee flew away into the turnip field and lit upon one of the goats.

"*Buzz-z-z-z-z-z.*"

Out ran the goats every one.

—*From the Norwegian, translated by Emilie Poulsson.*

frisky wolf moment answered

For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy, or there is none.
If there be one, try to find it;
If there be none, never mind it.

From a painting by C. Burton Barber.

A BLIND MAN'S DOG

I am only a poor little dog. My master is a blind man.

Every day we go out on the street.

A string is tied to my collar. My master holds the string and I lead him.

Sometimes kind people put pennies in the basket. Then we have a fire and supper after we get home.

If there are few pennies, we are cold and hungry.

My master is kind to me. I love him better than all the world.

He gives me the best bits to eat. I sleep every night in his arms. I would do anything for my good master.

One cold day we were both very sad. We had walked a long way.

My master had sung many songs.

Only a few pennies had been put into my basket. I was hungry, and I knew master was sick.

I saw a little girl holding another dog by a strap. He was a fat pug dog with a red bow on his collar.

Tiny bells hung down his breast.

The little girl wore a velvet coat. She had a sweet face and golden curls.

I liked her, but I did not like her dog. He was a proud dog, and looked very cross at me.

He growled and showed his teeth, but I did not look at him.

I looked up into that kind little face. I could not say a word, but I think she knew.

"You nice, poor little doggy," she said.

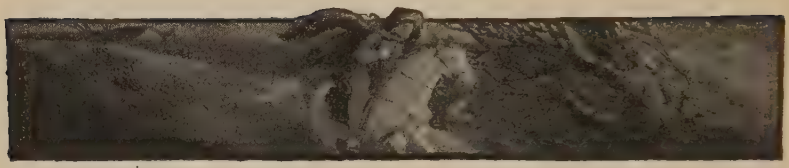
Then she dropped a shining piece of money into my basket.

I was so happy I just barked for joy.

"Toto," said the little girl as they turned away, "why are you so bad? Why did you growl at that poor dog?

"You have a home and plenty to eat. I shall not love you if you are so bad."

blind	pennies	curls	piece
velvet	supper	proud	growl



WINDY NIGHTS

Whenever the moon and the stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he;
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

— *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

THE LITTLE RED HEN

THE STORY NURSE BRIDGET TOLD

I

Once there was a little Red Hen.

She was a wise body and lived all alone.

A nice, quiet body was the little Red Hen! She worked hard on her farm all day.

Can't you see her, children, driving her little horses and milking her little cows?

Over the hills and far away lived a bad, old Fox.

Oh, he was a very wicked old fellow, children!

He lived in a den among the rocks.

His wicked old mother lived with him. And she was even more wicked than her son.

Now the Fox wanted to get the Red Hen to eat. He would lie awake nights to think how to get her.

He thought and thought until he was only skin and bones.

But at last a plan came to him.

He took a big bag and said to his mother:

"Have the pot boiling. Be sure and have it boiling when I get home.

"I'll bring the Red Hen, and we'll have her for supper."

Then he stole away over the hills to where the little Red Hen lived.

wicked	thought	bones	boil
rocks	among	quiet	boiling

II

At last he came to the Red Hen's house. She was out picking up sticks.

"All right," said the Fox, stepping in at the door.

He looked about for a place to hide. He hid under the bed, but his nose stuck out.

Then he hid under the table, but his

tail stuck out. At last he went behind the door.

The little Red Hen came in with her apron full of sticks.

She locked the door and put the key in her pocket. Then she turned around.

There stood the Fox! There lay his big tail spread out on the floor!

Oh, how scared was the little Red Hen! She dropped her sticks, and flew up on the beam that ran across the room.

"You won't get me now," she cried. "You may as well go home, you bad fellow."

"All right," said the Fox; "I'll bring you down soon."

So he played a trick on the floor right under where she sat.

He turned round and round and round after his tail.

Poor little Red Hen! She got dizzy looking at the Fox's tail. So she just dropped on the floor.

The old Fox picked her up and put her into his bag.

Then he set out for home.

stuck	table	behind	dizzy
trick	across	pocket	around

III

Poor little Red Hen shut up there in the bag! She cried, and cried, and cried!

She cried until she had wet her apron and six handkerchiefs with her tears.

She did not want to be carried home by the Fox.

She did not want to be eaten by him and his wicked old mother.

Then she thought of her scissors and pulled them out. She cut a big hole in the bag.

Before old Fox could think, she had jumped out. She took a big stone and put it into the bag.

Then she ran home and locked her door.

"You didn't get me this time, you wicked, sly old Fox," she said.

Well, the old Fox went home. The stone was heavy, but he did not mind.

Mother Fox was standing at the door.

"Have you the pot boiling?" he said.

"Yes, my son. Did you get the little Red Hen?"

"Yes, mother, here she is in my bag. Now I'll cut the string and hold the bag over the pot.

"When I drop her in, you put on the cover."

"Yes, my son, I will."

The stone went in with a splash.

The boiling water flew out on every side. It burned the Fox to death, and the old mother too.

But the little Red Hen lived safe in her house.

She drove her horses and worked in her fields.

And the old Fox never gave her any more trouble.

— *Old Irish Folklore.*

handkerchief	carried	knife	death
scissors	splash	cover	trouble

WE GO NUTTING

"The autumn, O the autumn!
Who does not know it well?
When the leaf turns brown,
And the mast falls down,
And the chestnut splits its shell."

— *Alfred Austin.*

I

I am a little gray dog and my name is Fritz. I am Jack Parker's dog.

I live in a red house on a hill, and Jack lives with me. He is my boy.

He is a very good boy most of the time.

Once in a great while he is not good. I am not happy then.

I go into my basket and think and think. I think how I can make Jack a better boy.

When Jack is good once more I am very happy. On the whole I believe I will keep him.

Shall I tell you how we went nutting the other day?

It was Saturday. I let Jack stay at home on Saturdays.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," you know.

I was standing by the door barking. I was barking at a red tree on another hill.

That red tree has given me a great deal of trouble. It is not like the trees on our hill. They are all brown or yellow in nutting time.

If I bark long enough it may go away. So I bark a little every morning and every evening.

Jack ran out with a basket. "Come, Fritz," he said, "we are going nutting."

"Yes, yes, Jack," I replied, "you may go with me." So we ran down the hill.

It was a very fine day. The sky was blue and the sun was bright.

There was a gentle wind, and the trees had on their gay dresses. October was giving a party.

I am very fond of a fine day, and I like bright colors very much.

Fritz replied nutting

II

Pretty soon Jack met Fred Wells. He had his dog Pompey. Pompey is a black and tan dog. He is a friend of mine.

"Good morning, Pompey," I said. "So you let your boy out to-day."

"Yes, Fritz," replied Pompey. "He has not been very good, however. He

shut me up in the barn yesterday. That was so I could not go to school with him.

"I thought I should not let him out to-day. It was so fine, however, that it would be a pity not to forgive him."

"Yes, it would be," I replied. "We have to remember he is only a boy."

"So we must," said Pompey. "When one takes a boy to bring up, it is not an easy thing."

When we came to the top of the other hill we saw the red tree.

We barked at it before we went on. We barked all around it.

We left the red tree behind and went to some yellow trees. They were chestnut trees.

"This seems more like home," I said.

There were squirrels in the trees. Pompey and I did not like what they said to us. So we barked at them a long time to let them know we were there.

Fred got up in the tree and shook the nuts down.

I tried to show Jack where the best nuts were. It made me very tired to run about so much.

At last I got a chestnut spine in my paw. How it did hurt! Fred got it out for me, but my paw is still sore.

Pompey and I saw a woodchuck. He ran into a hole where we could not get him.

"He must be a bad woodchuck to run away," said Pompey.

"Yes, indeed," I said; "all the woodchucks about here are bad. I wish we could catch him."

We could not catch him, but we could bark. We barked and barked until the boys came too.

"We must go home now," said Jack; "it is dinner time."

"Yes, we must go now," I replied. "I have let you stay as long as I can. We must take our chestnuts home.

"Fritz Parker's father comes home early to-day. It is Saturday, you know.

"I will tell him that you have been a good boy."

"Very good indeed," said Pompey.

Then we went home.

pity	forgive	shine	woodchuck
friend	indeed	spine	barked

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended.
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended.
One brick and then another,
And the highest wall is made.
One flake and then another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside —

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roofs so brown;
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

— *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

From a painting by A. H. Moore.

WHO LIKES MUSIC?

We are three donkeys. Our names are Beppo, Jetto, and Lollo.

We live at the farm beyond the hills.

We are very hard-working donkeys. Three days in the week we go to market.

Our baskets are full, coming and going. After our vegetables are sold, we bring other things back.

We go to the baker's, and the butcher's, and to many other shops.

One, and sometimes two days a week in the summer, old Nance hires us.

She takes us on the sands where the children play. Many are glad to pay a penny for a ride.

But sometimes we are free to roam up and down. We find thistles to eat and are very happy.

See us now as we stand by Frank's boat. I am Beppo, the biggest one.

Frank likes to play on his pipe, and we like to hear him.

Some people think we do not know enough to like music.

If we awake in the night and sing, every one is angry. I do not see why they should be so.

Our master sings as he rides about his farm. Our mistress sings for him every night after supper.

One calm summer night I strayed in the field.

I heard this sweet music in the house, and I came nearer. At last I was almost under the window.

It was so sweet it filled my heart with pleasure. I could be still no longer.

I let my voice out and sang too.

My master came out and drove me away. He hurt my feelings very much.

One Sunday we were all feeding in the field near the church.

We heard the organ play, and it was grand. So we all sang too.

A man came out and drove us away.

He was very unkind and threw stones at us.

We did not dare go near the church again.

I do not see why people should treat us so. They think we do not know good music.

If this is true, do you think we would stand still when Frank plays?

If we wish to sing by and by, Frank will only laugh.

He is just the kind of a man we like. He can make music, and he knows good music when he hears it.

Who says a donkey has no music in his soul?

beyond	hires	nearer	feelings
baker	roam	church	soul
butcher	music	organ	donkey

From a painting by C. Burton Barber.

FRIENDS OR FOES

I am only a toad. I trouble no one and I wish no one to trouble me.

I live in an old flower pot in the garden, and I think I pay for my living.

I catch and eat many flies a day. If I did not do so, they would hurt the plants.

I put out my tongue. There is a kind of slime on it, and the fly sticks fast.

I see a fly before me now, and yet I am not sure that it is a fly.

It is larger than most flies and it is not of the same color.

I wonder if I dare touch it? Do you think it will hurt me?

I came out for a quiet walk this morning, and just see me now!

There are three other great things looking at me.

There is Toby the dog. He is not bad as dogs go, but he makes me nervous.

Toby has a very loud voice. He likes to race up and down the garden walks barking.

I don't see why he is in such a hurry. I never am.

He does not see me very often, for I get out of his way.

Then there is Dolly, the cat. See how large and bright her eyes are!

She has one paw raised. I know she would hit me if she dared.

Dolly, I think, is good as far as a cat can be, but she wants to know everything.

One day she tried to roll me over with her paw. It did not hurt me, but it hurt my feelings.

I was taking care of the garden before that cat was born!

There is Miss Ruth also. Ruth, I must say, is a dear little girl. She would not hurt a fly. But then, she doesn't have to catch flies for her dinner as I do.

When Dolly tried to roll me over, Miss Ruth made her stop.

I heard her say, " Dolly, you must never trouble the good toad."

Yes, I like Ruth, but I do wish she would go away and take Toby and Dolly with her.

I wish I knew if that is a fly. I wish I could know if it will try to hurt me.

Of course, I could hop away. But then if I move, Toby may bark, or Dolly may fly at me.

If it is a fly, I would like to catch it. It may go away, but I am not sure I wish it to go.

If it is a fly, it will be worth catching, it is so big. What shall I do?

toad	Toby	race	course
slime	nervous	hurry	

From a painting by L. Knaus.

MY FIRST SAVINGS

Can this be true? I have a shining piece of money in my purse.

If you doubt my word, then you must trust your own eyes. Here is the money, and it is all mine.

It is not the first money I have ever

earned! Oh, no indeed; I have worked for two years.

Before this, I could not call my money my own. I must pay Uncle Rollo for my bed and food.

I must have clothes now and then. Even new trousers will wear out in time.

But this money I may keep or spend as I will. What shall I do with it?

I should like some new boots to wear to church.

But then these boots are still good. They will last for some time to come.

There is a wonderful book in the village shop. It is full of beautiful pictures and pretty stories.

Cousin Max would like that book. Max is lame, and has to stay in the

house more than I do. I know he gets very tired.

Dear Max! how pleased he will be with the book! I will put it on his bed, so he may find it when he awakes.

Uncle Rollo will be glad too. He has been like a father to me.

When my father and mother died he took me to his own home.

It was already full of children, but there was room for one more.

I am very happy to-day. I am happy to think I can make Max happy.

Go back into my purse, shining money. I will soon give you to the shop-man, and the book will be ours.

purse	earned	trousers	village
doubt	uncle	wonderful	died

THE NEW MOON

Dear mother, how pretty
The moon looks to-night!
She was never so cunning before;
Her two little horns
Are so sharp and so bright,
I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there
With you and my friends,
I'd rock in it nicely you'd see;

I'd sit in the middle
And hold by both ends;
O, what a bright cradle 'twould be!

I would call to the stars
To keep out of the way,
Lest we should rock over their toes;
And there I would rock
Till the dawn of the day,
And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would stay
In the beautiful skies,
And through the bright clouds we would roam;
We would see the sun set,
And see the sun rise,
And on the next rainbow come home.

— *Eliza Lee Follen.*

middle cradle skies

From a painting by Briton Rivière.

SO SORRY

I do not feel happy to-day, for my dear mamma is sick.

They will not let me go into her room — not even for one little minute.

The house seems big and still. The only sound is the great clock in the

hall. I can hear it say, "Told-a-lie! Told-a-lie!"

Yes, I did tell a lie and to my dear mamma. I told her that I did not take the bon-bons from the dish.

There were so many bon-bons, — red, pink, white, and brown.

Mamma gave me some and said, "Little daughter, you must not ask for any more. I have given you all that you should eat. Do not touch them."

"No, mamma, I will not," I said.

I did not mean to take them, but the bon-bons were so good.

I thought to myself, "I will take just one. Mamma will not care for one."

Then I took another, and another, until I had taken a great many.

Then I began to be afraid, and ran away. Why did I not tell mamma?

When she asked me I said, "No, mamma."

Mamma looked very hard at me.

"If you did not take them, then it was Fido," she said.

Fido is my dog, and he likes candy as well as I do.

Mamma shut Fido up in the big store-room.

I heard him bark, and I felt bad; but I did not tell mamma.

Now she is sick, and they will not let me see her. What shall I do?

Oh, I feel very unhappy!

Is that you, Fido? Come here, you good doggie!

I was very wicked to you, Fido, for

I let you suffer when I should have been the one.

Are you sorry for me, dear?

What a good dog you are! I feel so much better with your nose on my shoulder. You are sorry for me. I see it in your eyes.

Fido, what if my mamma does not get well! What if I can never tell her what I have done, never say I am sorry!

Oh, I will never, never tell a lie again.

I am a coward because I let you be punished.

That is too much wrong for a little girl to do!

Is that you, Ellen? What did you say, please?

Fido and I may see mamma for just a little while? She is better?

Oh, Fido! Dear mamma is better, and we may see her for a little while.

I will tell her everything. Then we shall all be happy.

lie bon-bon mean coward shoulder
given daughter suffer punished wrong

THE SWEET RED ROSE

Good morning, little rose bush,
I pray thee, tell me true;
To be as sweet as a red, red rose,
What must a body do?

To be as sweet as a red, red rose,
A little girl like you
Just grows, and grows, and grows, and grows,—
And that's what she must do.

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

Tom — What do you see in the fire, Alice?

Alice — I see a wonderful castle. It has many windows and towers.

Tom — I see a great ship on the ocean. All its sails are spread. It is going along before a stiff breeze.

Grace — I see an old woman with a

big cap on. She waves a stick at me. I think she must be Cinderella's fairy godmother.

Tom — Donald, what do you see?

Alice — This little man is almost asleep. He sees Sleepytown if he sees anything.

Grace — This kitty in my lap is fast asleep too. How much sleep a kitten seems to need! But her mother sleeps just as much.

Tom — Either your talk or this fire makes *me* sleepy.

Alice — My eyes want to shut too.

Mother (a little later) — Come, dears, it is bedtime. You will all be sound asleep in two minutes if you don't start.

Mother Cat (opens her eyes) — Come,

my baby; come close to your mother. We will sleep by the fire.

Are you not glad you have on your little fur night-gown? No strings, no buttons!

Dream that you are a big cat and have caught your first mouse.

Baby Kitty — Oh, mother! Shall I ever be as great as that?

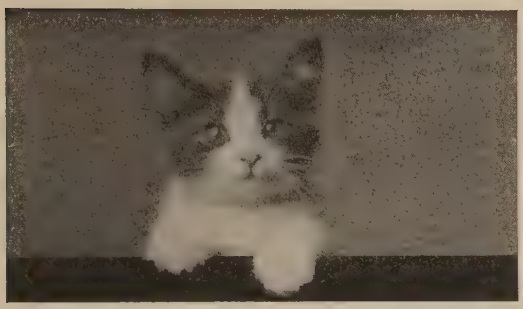
Mother Cat — Of course you will, you silly little thing! Now go to sleep.

The Fire — Now that all in the house are asleep, I think I will go out.

castle	Cinderella	stiff	buttons
towers	Sleepytown	start	silly

Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

A cat may look at a king.



A KITTY-CAT LULLABY*

Go to sleep, you little kitty-cat.
Go to sleep, you little kitty-cat.

Go to sleep, you little kitty-cat,
With new fur shoes on;
Go to sleep, you little kitty-cat.

Go to sleep, you little kitty-cat,
With new fur shoes on,
And four white socks on;
Go to sleep, you little kitty-cat.

* This may be sung to the tune of Greenville.

Go to sleep, you little kitty-cat,
With new fur shoes on,
And four white socks on,
And a little white vest on;
Go to sleep, you little kitty-cat.

Go to sleep, you little kitty-cat,
With new fur shoes on,
And four white socks on,
And a little white vest on,
And a little fur nightgown on;
Go to sleep, you little kitty-cat.

Go to sleep, you little kitty-cat,
With new fur shoes on,
And four white socks on,
And a little white vest on,
And a little fur nightgown on,
And two little ears sticking up in front;
Go to sleep, you little kitty-cat.

Go to sleep, you little kitty-cat,
With new fur shoes on,
And four white socks on,
And a little white vest on,
And a little fur nightgown on,
And two little ears sticking up in front,
And a nice little tail hanging down behind;
Go to sleep, you little kitty-cat. Sh! sh! sh!

socks sticking

The fisher who draws in his net too soon
Will have no fish to sell;
The child who shuts up his book too soon
Will have no lesson well.

STANLEY AND THE SQUIRRELS

"At every turn the maples burn,
The quail is whistling free,
The partridge whirrs and the frosted burrs
Are dropping for you and me."

— *Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

I

Stanley and his mother were spending the winter with Grandpa Howe.

The little boy's father was an artist. He had gone across the sea to make pictures.

Grandpa Howe lived in a fine old

house called Oakdale. It stood in its own park, and the front door was almost half a mile from the gates.

It was autumn, and the woods were bright with colors. Bluejays and woodpeckers called from the tree-tops, and the squirrels scolded.

Stanley ran about in the sunshine, and thought the world a fine place.

His great delight was to pick up nuts and put them in his little cart. His heap of nuts on the closet floor was growing fast.

When the snow came Stanley and Grandpa could sit by the fire and crack nuts and roast apples.

"Won't we have a jolly time, mother dear?" he said over and over. "Perhaps Santa Claus will come too."

One day he did not come home at the usual time.

It was growing dark, so his mother went out to look for him.

She saw him coming up the avenue, drawing his cart after him.

"Mother! mother!" he cried; "I have something to tell you. Please help me up the steps, my cart is so heavy."

"Why, Stanley," said Mrs. Howe, "your cart is full! How did it happen?"

"Oh, mother, I caught my foot in a hole, and fell down. The hole was full of nuts. I put them in my cart. Don't you like them, mother?"

"Yes, indeed, my boy," said Mrs. Howe, "I was only thinking. The

nuts that you found were in a squirrel's storehouse.

"I think he had put them there to keep them safe until he could hide them away in his tree.

"The little squirrel family may be hungry when the cold comes."

"Oh, dear!" cried Stanley, "I didn't know that."

artist	delight	woodpeckers	avenue
family	bluejays	Santa Claus	closet

II

The next morning Stanley went out to play under the big oaks.

In a short time he came back with his cart empty.

His mother was picking some bright leaves, and went to meet him.

"You are back soon," she said, smiling.

"Mother, I put all the nuts back, every one," he cried. "Now the squirrels won't be hungry, will they?"

"My dear little boy, I am so glad," said Mrs. Howe. "That was kind and thoughtful.

"Now I have a plan. Go and ask James to give you six little ears of corn, four yellow and two red.

"You may put them with the nuts, for squirrels like all such things."

"Won't they laugh when they see the red ears?" cried Stanley, as he ran away.

One day late in the winter, Stanley was out with Grandpa Howe, walking up and down the avenue.

There was a chatter from the big oak overhead.

Stanley looked up and saw a gray squirrel. He was sitting up with a little ear of corn between his paws.

"Oh, see! See, Grandpa! That's my squirrel, and he has my corn," cried the child in great joy.

"There are two of them," said Grandpa, pointing with his cane to a bright-eyed squirrel on the end of a branch. "I think that must be Mrs. Squirrel."

"Did you like the corn?" called Stanley.

Mr. Squirrel kept chattering to Mrs. Squirrel, and I think what he said was this:—

"My dear, look down. There is our Stanley,—the boy who brought back our walnuts.

"He gave us this corn, too. He is the boy for me!"

picking chatter branch walnuts

A LITTLE GIRL'S GOOD-BY

Good-by, daisy, pink, and rose,
And snow-white lily too;
Every pretty flower that grows,
Here's a kiss for you.

Good-by, merry bird and bee;
And take this tiny song
For the ones you sang to me
All the summer long.

Good-by, mossy little rill,
That shivers in the cold;
Leaves that fall on vale and hill
Cover you with gold.

A sweet good-by to birds that roam,
And rills, and flowers, and bees;
But, when winter's gone, come home
As early as you please.

— *George Cooper.*

BABES IN THE WOODS

There is a story in my Red Book that always makes me cry. It is about the "Babes in the Woods."

The babes were two little children who had no father and mother.

Their wicked uncle wanted all their money, so he made up his mind to have them killed.

He gave them to some robber men and told them to take the children into the woods and kill them.

The robbers were bad men, but the children were so young and sweet that they could not kill them.

They ran away instead, and left them there.

The poor little things wandered up

and down until they were too tired to take another step.

Then they lay down on the ground and went to sleep and never woke.

The robins saw the pretty babies lying there, and felt sorry for them.

What do you think the good birds did? Why, they brought leaves in their little bills, and covered them.

I always cry when I read this story, but somehow I can't help reading it.

I wonder why I like it so much.

One day my teacher said, "We will go for a walk at recess and see the 'Babes in the Woods.'"

I did not want to go, for I thought she meant the "Babes in the Woods" in my story book. But I could not tell her, so I went along with the others.

There was a big lump in my throat, and I had to wink hard to keep the tears back.

We walked through the field until we came to the stone wall.

"Look down in the alder bushes, and you will see them," said my teacher.

I did not want to look, so I stood there with my eyes shut.

I heard the children laugh, so I opened my eyes just a little.

What do you think I saw?

Only a bed of baby ferns pushing up through the brown leaves. They were funny little things, all curled in circles and covered with brown fuzz.

Some had pushed up their stems and begun to uncurl. You could almost see wise little faces in the brown circles.

I thought it was a pretty name to give them. My teacher is always thinking of pretty things.

I shall go next year to see the "Babes in the Woods," but I shall not think of crying. I shall be so very much older.

robber	instead	circles	fuzz
wandered	recess	throat	older

THE FERNS

Oh, what shall we do
The long winter through?
The baby ferns cried
When the mother fern died.

The wind whistled bleak,
And the woodland was drear,
And on each baby cheek
There glistened a tear.

Then down from the clouds
Like a flutter of wings,
There came a whole crowd
Of tiny white things.

They trooped in a heap,
  Where the baby ferns lay,
And put them to sleep,
  That bleak, bitter day.

Tucked under the snow
  In their little brown hoods,
Not a thing will they know,—
  Those "Babes in the Woods."

Till some day in spring,
  When the bobolinks sing,
They will open their eyes
  To the bluest of skies.

— Mrs. S. C. Cornwall.

bleak	woodland	bobolinks
trooped	glistened	whistled

It is never too late to mend.
A stitch in time saves nine.

IRIS

Iris was a lovely little child of the sky. Her father was the Sun, and her mother a Water Drop.

The Sun looked down from his throne in the heavens and saw Little White Cloud.

"I must have Little White Cloud," he said. "I will draw her up to my shining home and make her very happy."

Now the Sea was not only the father of Little White Cloud, but of Water Drop as well.

Water Drop saw her sister go up in a pretty white carriage drawn by bright rays.

"Oh, how I wish I could go too!" she said to herself.

By and by the Sea missed his Little White Cloud, and sent Water Drop to find her.

When Water Drop reached the Sun's palace, she was not afraid.

She boldly asked the Sun to let Little White Cloud go home.

"You ask much," said the Sun, "but I will let her go if you will stay in her place."

Water Drop was very glad to stay. She thought the Sun even more wonderful than he had seemed when she was on earth.

His palace, with its glowing gardens, was more lovely than words could tell.

Iris was the only child of the Sun and Water Drop. She was even brighter than the sunshine.

Her father gave her dresses of all the colors that we see in the sky at sunset.

He made her his messenger. Whenever he wanted to send word to the other gods, or to the earth, Iris took the message.

He built her a bridge that reached from earth to heaven.

This bridge was made in seven colors. Iris fastened it to the earth with a pot of gold.

What were some of Iris's messages?

Sometimes she came down in the

morning to warn the sailors of coming storms.

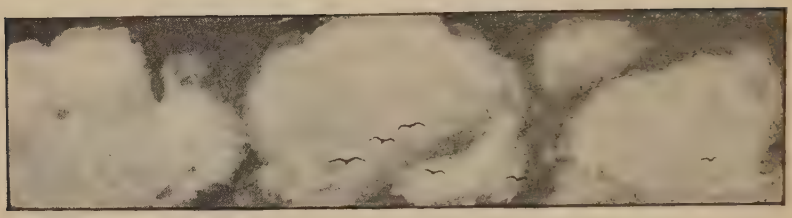
If she came at night it was to tell them that the sea would be safe until morning.

This is the story that the old Greeks told their children about the rainbow.

throne	carriage	messenger	sailors
heavens	palace	bridge	Iris

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose.
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare.
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair.

—*William Wordsworth.*



BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS

Boats sail on the rivers,
  And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
  Are prettier than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
  As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven
  And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
  Is prettier far than these.

— *Christina Rossetti.*

prettier overtops builds

MY FRIEND, THE WOODPECKER

It was a fine, clear day in February. The buds had begun to swell on the trees, and the first bluebirds had come back.

I was reading in my study, when I heard a loud whistle outside.

"There is my friend," I said to myself. I got up and went to the window.

Did I look down the street to see if Bob or Charlie were coming?

Oh, no! this friend would never think of walking on the street.

Another whistle! there he was in the elm tree, and very gay he looked.

He wore a bright black and white suit. His vest was white.

He had on a red tie, but it had

slipped around to the back of his neck. He was pecking away at the bark of the tree.

"Tap, tap, tap," went his long, sharp bill.

"He is making his nest," said Grace, coming to my side to watch.

"I think not," I replied. "He is only getting a good breakfast."

"Does he eat wood?"

"No, indeed, dear. He finds grubs, and worms, and eggs of insects, under the bark."

"See him hang with his head down. I should think he would get dizzy and fall from the tree."

"If you could see his long, curved toes, you would know why he is able to hang on."

"Doesn't a woodpecker make his nest in a hole of a tree?"

"Yes, indeed. He chooses a place where the wood has begun to decay.

"Then he chips away with his bill. How the chips fly!

"He works so that they fall on the ground instead of in the hole.

"But I must tell you one thing that comes before.

"Woodpecker does not wish to make his nest alone. He wants a bright-eyed little mate to work with him.

"So he goes into the wood, and

drums hard with his bill on some dry, old limb.

"By and by another woodpecker steals near him. She has heard the drumming, and thinks she will go and see what it means."

"Does he always choose her?" said Grace.

"I don't know, dear. Perhaps he has to drum more than once to get the one he wants.

"At any rate, the woodpeckers find their mates that way."

"Isn't it time for this woodpecker to go drumming?"

"He will go when he is ready. Just now he seems to want a good breakfast more than anything else."

drumming decay curved grubs

THE WOODPECKER'S FRIEND

My friend, the woodpecker, came often to the tree for his breakfast.

His cheery whistle was good to hear, those winter days.

Grace liked to watch him.

One morning she came running to me, saying, "Do come quick! The woodpecker has a little bird with him, and I'm sure it is not a woodpecker."

"Chick-a-day-day!" said a pert voice as I opened the window softly.

Yes, there he was; another and a very dear friend of mine.

I had often met him on my winter walks among the fir trees.

I had seen him in summer, as well. Chickadee is welcome everywhere.

His happy spirit and pretty ways bring him friends wherever he goes.

"He has on a black cap," said Grace. "It looks like a Tam o' Shanter tipped on one side."

"That is so, and he wears a gray overcoat, too. See the white collar under his black throat!

"What have you done to your white vest, friend Chickadee? It does not look very trim. It seems to me a little soiled."

Chickadee did not answer, but hung from the bough with his head down.

He, too, was pecking away busily, like the woodpecker.

They kept very close together. Whenever Woodpecker chose another bough, Chickadee would come too.

"That woodpecker likes the chickadee, doesn't he?" said Grace.

"I think he must. Perhaps he said to his friend: 'I know a fine old elm. It is near the house where Grace Goldlocks lives.

"'There are eggs and grubs in the cracks of the bark.

"'Come along with me, old fellow, and we'll have a feast.'

"I can tell you a true story about the chickadees. The woodpeckers ask their little friends to sleep with them in their tree-trunk houses on cold winter nights."

"How do you know?" cried Grace, with big eyes of wonder.

"A friend of mine has a little boy who spends much time watching the birds.

"His papa heard him talk about the chickadees sleeping with the woodpeckers.

"When he asked him how he knew, Roy would say, 'I saw them.' So his papa made up his mind to find out.

"There was a big willow tree back of the barn. It had two or three holes where woodpeckers had lived.

"One morning early, he poked a long stick into the largest hole.

"When he pulled it out two chickadees came tumbling out after it.

"They were very angry. All their little feathers were on end, and they were ready for a fight.

"A woodpecker followed with shrill cries. Poor things! their nap had been broken in a very rude way.

"You know, in winter, Grace, the birds have no young ones to care for.

"The cold brings the wild things closer together.

"Perhaps the woodpecker says to the chickadees, 'Come into my house. There is plenty of room. We'll cuddle together and keep warm.'"

"That is a nice story," said Grace. "I wonder if this chickadee lives with the woodpecker? I am going to ask him.

"Chickadee, chickadee, do you go

into your friend's house when the cold nights come?"

The chickadee did not tell us. He tipped his little head on one side and looked at Grace.

Then he began to sing once more.

"*Chick-a-day-day! Chick-a-day-day!*"

chickadee	overcoat	feast
spirit	busily	shrill

A man of words and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds;
For when the weeds begin to grow,
Then doth the garden overflow.

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so.
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

THE TUG OF WAR

This is what I saw one day last summer in England.

Some boys were playing by the road-side on their way home from school.

The big boys were boasting how strong they were.

"I can whip a half-dozen of you at once," said one boy. "Come on and try."

"Did I not hang on the bars longer than any one else?" said another.

"I drive our pair of brown horses," said a third. "My brother Tom finds it hard to hold them."

"Let us have a tug of war," said a fourth; "we four against the rest of you. Here is Farmer Jackson's cart rope. I saw it drop from his cart.

"Let us have some fun; and if we four are stronger than you nine, you must obey us in all the games."

"But Farmer Jackson will be angry because we did not tell him about the rope," said another boy.

"Who cares?" said the fourth boy. "We shall not hurt his old rope."

So the merry boys took hold and began to tug.

I was busy also, for I took their picture just as you see it here.

Right in the midst of it, who should come running back but Farmer Jackson!

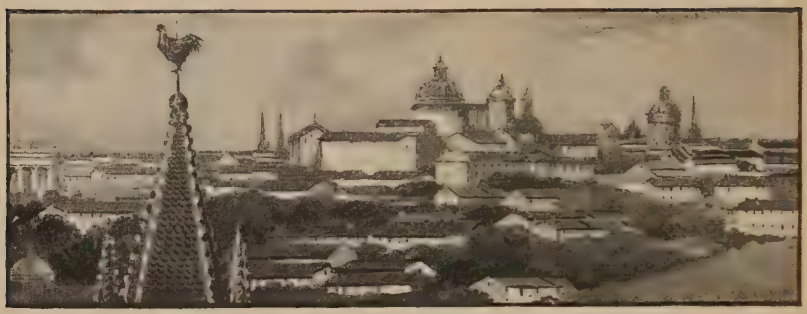
"Here!" he cried, "give me that rope, you boys, or you shall feel my whip!"

What did the young heroes do? Why, they dropped the rope as if they were shot.

Not one was brave enough to face Farmer Jackson. Each one took to his heels.

I never found out how the tug of war would have ended. To this day I do not know which side was the stronger.

midst	England	boasting
pair	heroes	angry



THE HALF CHICK

I

There was a great noise in the barnyard. Mother Brownie had hatched her nine eggs.

Nine pretty chicks were running about. But one of them was only a half chick. It had one eye, one wing, and one leg.

No one had ever seen such a thing before. "Oh, well," said Mother Brownie, "we must be good to the poor little fellow."

So the Half Chick always had his own way.

Every one was kind to him. Every one gave way to him.

Was that good for the Half Chick?

Oh, no; that was as bad for a chick as a child.

The Half Chick soon became the worst chick in the barn-yard. If he hurt the other chicks, some one would say:—

"He is only a Half Chick. Poor little fellow! we must be good to him."

One day he came to his mother in a great hurry.

"Mother!" he cried, "I am going away. I can't stand this dull place. I am going to Madrid to see the king."

"You poor foolish child," said the

mother. "How can *you* go to Madrid? Why, you are only a Half Chick.

"If you want a change, wait until Friday. Then you may go to market with the gray hen."

"Go to market with that old thing? Not I, mother.

"I am going to Madrid to see the king. Good-by, mother!" and away he stumped on his one little leg.

worst Madrid foolish stumped

II

So the Half Chick went out into the world. Soon he saw a little brook. It was a pretty little brook. It had been running along to meet another brook.

Some day it hoped to be large enough to help turn a mill-wheel. But some

one had choked it with dead leaves and sticks.

"Help me!" it cried. "I want to be a good brook. I want to run and sing. Please take away these leaves and sticks."

"Help yourself," said the Half Chick, rudely. "I have no time for you. I am going to Madrid to see the king."

So the Half Chick stumped along on his one little leg.

Pretty soon he came to a fire. It was a good little fire, trying hard to burn. But some one had choked it with wet moss and mud.

"Do help me," it cried.

"Do you know who I am?" asked the Half Chick, crossly. "I am going to Madrid to see the king.

"How can I stop for a little thing like you?"

So away stumped the Half Chick on his one little leg.

Pretty soon he came to an oak tree. In the oak tree was a little wind caught by his wings.

It was a kind little wind. All day long it had been hard at work. It had brushed the dust from the leaves. It had fanned the tired flowers.

"Help me! help me!" it cried in sad tones.

But the Half Chick only went on, calling out: "Don't bother me. Help yourself. I am going to Madrid to see the king."

rudely	brushed	bother
choked	caught	fanned

III

At last the Half Chick came to Madrid. He asked for the king's

house. A kind man told him the way.

He walked up the front steps as if he were a man. A soldier stood on either side of the door. Both pointed their guns at him.

"What do you want?" asked one of them.

"I wish to see the king," said the Half Chick.

"Go around to the back door then," said the man. "That is the place for one like you."

The Half Chick went toward the back door, but he could not get to it. There was a fence with no gate.

So he ran up and down, looking through the bars. The king's cook came out and saw him.

"Just the thing for my master's broth!" she said.

So she put her great hand through the fence and caught the chick.

"Now I am going to the king," thought the chick, proudly.

But the cook took him to the kitchen. She threw him into a sauce-pan of water on the fire.

"Fire! fire!" cried the Half Chick, "don't burn so hard. You hurt me."

"Oh, ho!" said the fire. "I was once a fire in the wood. I was choked with wet moss and mud. I asked you to help me.

"You said, 'Help yourself.' Now it is my turn. You help yourself. Burn! burn!"

"Water! water!" cried the Half Chick, "don't boil so hard. You hurt me."

"Ah, ha!" said the water, "you forget, Mr. Half Chick. I was once a little stream in the woods. I was choked with mud and dead leaves.

"I asked you to help me. You said, 'Help yourself.' Now I tell you the same thing. You help yourself. Boil! boil!"

So the fire burned and the water boiled. At last the Half Chick was as black as your hat.

The cook looked at him and said: "He is of no use now. He would spoil the broth."

So she threw him out of the window.

A high wind took him up and carried him along.

"Wind! wind!" gasped the Half Chick, "don't blow so hard. I cannot stand it."

"Never mind," said the wind, "it is my turn now. I was once a little wind,

caught by my wings in a tree. I asked you to help me.

"You said, 'Help yourself.' Now you do the same."

So they rushed along over the house-tops. They went over a great church. On the roof was a sharp point.

The Half Chick was caught on this. He could not get free. There he turns to this day.

He shows us which way the wind blows. Do you know what we call him now?

— *From the Spanish Folk-lore.*

soldier	broth	threw	rushed
either	sauce	gasped	point

Pride goeth before destruction
And a haughty spirit before a fall.

From a painting by M. Laux.

AT BREAKFAST TIME

"I want my breakfast! Oh, I do want my breakfast," whined little Bessie. "I am so hungry I can't wait."

"See all those good babies waiting for their breakfast," said Aunt Milly.

"Where?" cried Bessie, eagerly. "I don't see any babies."

"Look out of the window and you will see them."

Bessie put her yellow head out of the window and looked into the garden.

"There are no babies in this garden," she said, "and I think you are a naughty auntie to tell me such stories."

"Look at them upon the telegraph wires, my dear."

"See the little birds on the wires — ever so many little birds!"

"Those are baby swallows, Bessie. See their white vests and dark jackets.

"See how still they are. They are waiting for their papas and mammas to come.

"There! I see a papa swallow. He will light on the wire in a minute."

"What is he doing, flying around like that?"

"He is catching little flies in the air

for his babies' breakfast. He will put them part way down his throat.

"He will catch flies until he has a good many in his throat.

"There, Bessie, he is coming!"

The papa swallow dropped down on the wire near his two plump babies.

They put up eager little bills and he put a fly into each.

"Why, he sticks his bill into their bills," said Bessie.

"Do you see what a long tail the papa swallow has?" said Aunt Milly.

"It is like a fork. The long, sharp wings and the long, sharp tail help the swallow to fly very fast."

"The babies have only little short tails. Isn't it too bad?" said Bessie, sadly.

"Their tails will grow longer by and by.

"Swallows spend so much time on the wing they use their feet but little. Their poor feet are very weak and small."

"But they can hang to the wire, Aunt Milly."

"Yes, dear, but that is about all they can do. They do not walk on the ground so much as many other birds."

So Bessie watched the swallow babies waiting for their breakfasts. More fathers and mothers came and put flies into the waiting mouths.

Sometimes the babies waited a long time, but they did not cry or make a fuss.

Aunt Milly showed Bessie how much

shorter the mothers' tails were than the fathers'.

They did not look so much like a fork.

The little girl was so happy watching this out-door breakfast, that she forgot her own.

Even when nurse called, she was in no hurry.

naughty jackets telegraph plump

THE WILD ROSE

Come, little bee, to the wild rose cup,
Bring her some pollen, and then you shall sup;
Come where the five pink petals hold
A world of sweets in a heart of gold.

— *Kate Louise Brown.*

Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way.

THE LAMB

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

—*William Blake.*

OUR FIELD

One day in May, my cousin Sandy came in at about four o'clock.

He said to Dick and me, "I have a fairy godmother. She has given me a field."

"What is the good of a field?" asked Dick.

"Fine houses in it," said Sandy.

"I am tired of making homes," said I. "We always get turned out."

"It is a new place," said Sandy. "You have never been there. Come along! I'll show it to you."

It was a beautiful field, with high hedges covered with blossoms. There were cowslips all over the field.

"Sit down," said Sandy.

We all sat down under the hedge.

"There are violets just behind us. Can you smell them? And look here!"

Sandy looked about in the grass and brown leaves. So did I.

"Hyacinths," said Dick, as Sandy said, "See the green tops of them!"

"As thick as peas," said Sandy. "This bank will be blue in a few weeks. There will be no end of ferns. And a wren has her nest in there.

"The brook in the hollow has a pebbly bed and little fishes in it. I think we can play store here."

"It is almost too good here, Sandy," said I.

"The best is to come. I have a good mind not to let it out until to-morrow. Guess!" he cried.

We never could have guessed what it was. We tried hard to tease Sandy to tell us.

At last he cried out, "One can tell a secret but once. It is a hollow tree. Come along."

We were wild with delight. The tree looked solid from the field. When we came close to it, there was a door. I crept in.

Sandy was right. It was the very best thing in Our Field.

We had all kinds of games there. We played store, and there were many things to sell.

Sometimes I was a moss merchant — for there were ten kinds of mosses by the brook. Sometimes I sold daisy chains and necklaces of holly berries.

Sometimes I kept earth nuts and berries. Sometimes I kept a flower shop.

Richard and Sandy bought my things. They paid for them with money made of elder pith cut into rounds.

Whatever we played we were never disturbed. Birds, and cows, and men ploughing did not disturb us at all.

—*Adapted from Juliana Horatia Ewing.*

hedges	hyacinths	guess	merchant
cowslip	wren	tease	bought

THE STORY OF THE GRASSHOPPER

Aurora was the goddess of the dawn.

Every morning she arose early and painted the skies with bright colors.

On the earth there was a beautiful boy who dearly loved Aurora.

Every night he made a bed in the green meadow. He slept there among the grasses and clover so that he might not miss her coming.

He was the first one to greet her every day as she stepped from her chariot.

One morning when Aurora came she did not find him in his place.

At last, she saw him lying on the ground with pale face and closed eyes.

She was very much alarmed, and flew down to the earth.

She caught up the almost lifeless body of the boy and carried him to Zeus.

She begged the great king to promise that her friend should never die, but live always like herself.

Zeus was willing to grant her prayer. But Aurora had forgotten to ask that the boy might always be young.

After a while he grew old and stooped. His knees were bent so that he could no longer walk.

His skin became dry and hard. His voice, once sweet, was now very shrill.

At last he begged to go back to the cool grass of the meadow where he had been so happy.

So Aurora changed him to a grasshopper and let him go.

She still cared for him, and tinted his hard skin a lovely green.

This was so he could not be easily seen in the grass.

To this day we may see Aurora's friend and his family hopping gayly in the sunshine.

Auro'ra	goddess	alarmed	tinted
chariot	promise	grasshopper	gayly
Zeus (Zēus)	prayer	easily	

MEMORY GEM

Look up, and not down;
Look forward, and not backward;
Look out, and not in;
And lend a hand.

A GLORIOUS FOURTH

I tell you we had a good time last Fourth of July. We were at Uncle Tom's.

Arthur and I went there the very day school closed. Dick and Charlie asked our mother not to let us wait one minute.

When we got there, Dick said, "We were bound to have you here for the Fourth. Now we can have all day to-morrow to plan in."

We went to the village and bought a lot of fire crackers and big torpedoes. We spent every cent we had.

On the way back Charlie said, "We shall want peanuts, to-morrow — and lemonade."

Dick said, "Oh, well, don't worry. Something will turn up. It always does, you know."

The night before we all slept in a big room. We told stories until we were sleepy. I was just going off when Arthur rolled out of bed.

We picked him up and put him next to the wall. Then Charlie began to snore. It sounded so funny Dick and I had to laugh.

We got so wide awake that he came over on my bed. Then we told a few Indian stories. When we did get to sleep it was very late.

I was dreaming about old Ned; he is Uncle Tom's horse. I thought he took hold of my arm and began to shake me. I screamed and told him

to stop. Then I woke up, for the boys were shaking me.

"Time to get up," they said.

It was four o'clock — but that was later than we had planned. We went down stairs in our stocking feet — Arthur and I did, so as not to make any noise.

But Arthur dropped his shoes, and they bumped on every stair. We laughed so we almost tumbled down.

We fired off our crackers and torpedoes near the barn. Some of the other boys came. We made a terrible noise.

When Aunt Mary called us to breakfast, I had four holes burned in my trousers. Arthur had blisters on almost every finger.

Uncle Tom drove us to the village to

see the parade. It was so funny, every one dressed up in old clothes.

We had all the peanuts and soda and candy we wanted. Uncle Tom saw to that. He has more five-cent pieces in his pocket than any man I ever knew.

After we came home we had dinner, with ice cream at the end. Then we went out and played soldier.

What do you think of us? I am waving my sword, and Arthur holds the flag. Charlie is aiming his pistol, and Dick is ready to touch off the cannon.

Some boys came over for the other side. We had a great battle.

After supper we went to the village again to see the fireworks. We didn't get to bed until nearly twelve.

Aunt Mary let us sleep the next day; and when do you think we had our breakfast? It was after ten o'clock.

I know some one who did not enjoy the Fourth. It was Billy Badger, the cat. He went under the bed and would not come out until the next day.

snore torpedoes lemonade blisters fireworks

THE RING IN THE WELL

A king in the East was once in great need of a servant whom he could trust. After thinking for a long time, he hit upon a plan by which, he thought, he could get one.

He let it be known in the city that he wanted some one to do a day's work for him. Two men soon came, and said they were ready to do the work.

So the king told them what wages they would have for working the whole day, and then gave each of them a wicker basket. Each man was to take his basket to a well in the palace garden, and fill it with water.

That was strange work, indeed, because as soon as the men drew up water from the well in a bucket, and poured it into the baskets, it all ran through the small holes, and the baskets were empty.

One of the men soon became tired of it.

"What is the use of doing this foolish work?" he said.

But the other man said: "The use of the work is the king's affair, not ours. We shall have our wages all the same."

"Well, I am not going to do any more of it," said the first man. "It is of no use." Throwing down his basket, he walked away.

The other man went on drawing water from the well, and pouring it

into his basket, till the end of the day. Then he looked down into the well and saw that it was almost empty.

But what was that? There, at the bottom of the well, was a little shining thing, brighter than silver. He drew it up, and to his great surprise found that it was a beautiful ring.

"Now I see the use of pouring water into the basket," he said.

"If the ring had been brought up in the bucket, before the well was dry, it would have gone with the water into the basket, and I should have found it there. The work was not so useless after all."

He took the ring to the palace, where the king was pleased to see him.

"You have obeyed me so well in this

strange work," he said, "that I think I can trust you in work of a better kind.

"Keep this ring as your own, and from this time you shall be my servant, and I will be your friend."

— *From the Persian.*

wages	affair	surprise	brought
wicker	throwing	beautiful	useless

MEMORY GEM

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
All the rest have thirty-one,
Save February, which alone
Hath twenty-eight; and one day more
We add to it one year in four.

— *Old Song.*

THE UNHAPPY PINE TREE

Once a little pine tree lived in the forest. His mother was near, and every day she smiled down on her little child.

There was no chance for him to be lonely, for he had many brothers and sisters to play with, and the oaks and the birches were not far away.

But the little pine tree stood sulking from morning till night, and what do you suppose was the matter? Why, he didn't like his needles.

He said that they were narrow and dark. The oaks and the birches had broad leaves, and he thought them much prettier than his own.

"If I could only have chosen for myself," said he, "instead of these ugly needles, I should have had beautiful gold leaves. Then when my neighbors with the broad leaves looked at me, they would bow their heads, for their leaves would be much plainer than mine."

The poor little tree cried himself to sleep that night. In the morning he awoke and frowned at the trees with broad leaves. But why were they all looking at him!

He glanced at himself. How surprised he was to see beautiful leaves of gold, the very kind that he wanted. How happy and how proud he felt! He sang and laughed all day long.

But when it began to grow dark, a robber who was passing saw the shining

leaves, and going to the tree, picked every one. He put them into a bag and hurried away, and left the tree entirely bare.

The poor tree cried harder than ever that night.

"How I wish that my new leaves had been of glass," he said, "then no robber would have cared for them, and the sun shining upon them would have made me beautiful."

He slept that night, and awoke with a sob, thinking how the other trees would laugh at him.

But no, he was not bare. He would have clapped his hands for joy had he dared, for he was wearing the very leaves he had longed for the night before. How they sparkled in the sunshine! He seemed to be clothed in diamonds.

"I can keep these leaves," said the little tree. "A robber would have no use for glass leaves."

That night while he was asleep a terrible storm arose. When it had passed, every glittering leaf lay broken on the ground, and the tree was again bare.

"How foolish I have been," said the little tree, "to ask for leaves finer than those of the other trees. If I might only have leaves like theirs, I should be happy. No robber steals them, and no storm breaks them."

Then the unhappy little tree slept again. Bright and early in the morning he awoke. "Look at my beautiful green leaves," he said. "Could anything be prettier?"

He now had fresh leaves as broad and green as those of the oaks and birches.

But at noon a goat with her kids came through the forest, hunting for something to eat. They soon spied the little tree, and began to nip his fresh leaves. In less than an hour not a leaf was left.

Then he cried as if his heart would break.

"Oh, how I wish I had my slender needles! They were green and fair, the very best for me to have. No robber, or storm, or animal would bother me any more. Oh, mother, how beautiful your dress is!"

He slept late the next morning, for he was worn out with his troubles. The wind shook the sleepy little tree to waken him, tossing a spray of needles into his

face. He awoke with a start, and as he rubbed his sleepy eyes he cried, "Oh, I have it, I have it, my dear old dress!"

— *From the German.*

chance	glanced	spied	sparkled
neighbors	laughed	glittering	diamonds

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

— *Christina Rossetti.*

WHAT WE DID ABOUT POLLY

I

There were just three of us boys, and we had never wanted a sister.

When our mother told us one was coming on the four o'clock train, we didn't know what to say.

"You are getting too rough, even for boys," mother said. "You need a little girl to help you to be gentle and kind.

"One of my friends has just died. She leaves a child about as old as you, Bert. Poor Polly has no one to care for her.

"She is coming to be my little girl and your little sister. Of course, boys, you will be very kind to her."

Bert looked at Walter, and then they both looked at me. We did not say a

word, but we all knew none of us liked it.

Just as soon as we could get away we went to the old apple tree. We always went there to talk things over.

"Bert," said Walter, "did we need a girl?"

"No, indeed," said Bert. "No one needs a girl so little as we."

"Horace," said Walter, "do any of us want a girl?"

"Of course we don't," I said. "Of what use are girls, anyway?

"They always scream at every mouse or snake. They can't hit a ball or throw one.

"Doesn't it make you laugh to see a girl try to throw anything? Of course we don't want a girl."

"But she is coming, and we can't help it," said Bert. "What are we going to do?"

"Why, do nothing, or do just as we did before she came."

"But mother says we are to be kind to her."

"We can let her alone. Let her play with Janet Day, or some of the other girls."

"Girls ought not to expect to tag after boys, anyway," said Walter.

Mother expected us to drive to the train with her, but we all went fishing early that afternoon. We did not ask if we might go either.

When we got home it was late. They were eating supper, and that girl was sitting by mother in my place.

Mother made us all shake hands with her. None of us said a word, but Bert grunted a little.

Then we sat down to eat. We could not help looking at her on the sly, to see what she was like.

rough expected scream grunted

II

Polly was thin and pale. She had dark eyes and hair, and seemed afraid.

Her black dress made her look even paler. She was not pretty, and I knew she was a timid thing.

Well, I am afraid we were not very kind to her. Somehow we could not let her alone as we had planned.

You see she did not want to play with the other girls. She wanted to be

with us, and was always tagging after us. We did not say much to her, and sometimes we teased her.

I did feel a little sorry the day I let the see-saw down. It must have hurt her, but she never said a word. She did not even cry, but I saw tears in her eyes.

There was a small river near our house where we often fished. It was not quite safe, because the bed was full of deep holes.

If you knew the river, you could wade out to some rocks all right. If you did not know it and were not careful, it would be unsafe to try.

One day I was fishing and the rest were wading near shore.[1]

[1] See picture facing the title page of this book.

I hate to tell about this, but I must if I tell anything, and truly I did not remember the holes.

"Polly," I said, "wade out to this rock where I am."

"I don't believe mamma wants me to go so far," said Polly.

"Oh, you silly thing, come along."

Polly looked at the water, but she did not stir.

"Are you coming?" I said, and I know my voice was cross. "If you don't come, I'll duck you under the water."

Polly started; she looked pale, but tried to smile. When she was up to her knees she stopped.

"Come along," I said, tapping her with my rod.

She took one step more and was in up to her neck.

If she could have kept still, it would not have been so bad. But she was scared and slipped, and went out of sight. She had stepped into one of those holes.

We were terribly frightened, but we caught hold of her dress and pulled her out.

Of course we took her home all dripping wet. She was crying and shivering, so mother got her things off and put her to bed.

I cannot begin to tell you how we felt. We had not the heart for anything.

We all staid around the house, waiting to see how she was.

I felt as if I ought to be put in jail. I just hated myself.

Pretty soon they sent for the doctor. The fright had thrown her into a high fever.

voice dripping shivering fright

III

We could not sleep that night. Bert and Walter came into my room and sat on my bed. We did not say much. We did not know what to say.

At last Bert said, "If she will only get well, I'll let her have all my rabbits."

"I'll give her my air-gun," said Walter.

I did not promise anything. I was older than the others, and saw how

bad I had been. I could not tell how sorry I was.

At last we all fell asleep. Mother came to us the next morning, and Bert had his toes under my chin.

"Polly is better," she said, smiling, "and she wants to see you, Horace."

When I went into mother's room, Polly lay in the big bed.

She was as white as the sheets, but her dark eyes shone.

"Horace," she said, "don't worry. I didn't tell. I won't tell, ever."

I could not stand that. Before I knew it I was crying hard. Polly put her little hand on my arm.

"Don't cry, Horace," she said, "I am all right."

Then she said very softly: "I had

two brothers once, like you and Bert. I always played with them. I like brothers — but they died!"

Polly kept her word — she never told, but I did. I went straight to mother and told her how unkind we had all been.

Mother was good, as she always is, but I could see that she felt grieved.

Then I knew what she meant when she said, "My boys need a sister to make them kind."

Well, we have been kind ever since. And Polly — you ought to see her now. She is so happy that she is growing round and pretty.

We think everything of her and she is pretty nice to have, I can tell you.

She mends our gloves and balls, and makes the sails to our boats. When it

comes to sums, Polly can beat us all. She has more sense in her little head than all of us together.

When we think how we used to feel about her, it makes us laugh. Why, we could not do without our Polly now.

straight wórry

ON THE VOWELS

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet.
T' other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within.
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

— *Jonathan Swift.*

VOCABULARY

The following key to the pronunciation of the words in this vocabulary is in accordance with Webster's International Dictionary.

ā — as in māte.
ă — as in măt.
â — as in châir.
a — as in grass.
ä — as in fär.
ạ — as in fạll.
ạ — as in whạt.

ē — as in mē.
ĕ — as in mĕt.
ē — as in hēr.
e — as in they.

ī — as in mīce.
ĭ — as in pĭn.
ī — as in fīrst

ō — as in rōw.
ŏ — as in tŏp.
ô — as in côrn.
o — as in love.
o — as in do.
o — as in wolf.
o͝o — as in mo͝on.
o͝o — as in lo͝ok.

ū — as in ūse.
ŭ — as in ŭs.
û — as in hûrt.
u — as in rude.
u — as in full.

ȳ — as in flȳ.
y — as in funny.

a, e, i, o, u — obscure sound of the vowel.

7–8

bŭt'tĕrflȳ
nĕc'tar
jūice
clō'vĕr
blŏs'sŏm

9–10

trȳ
crȳ
pĭcks
kĭlled
ĕv'ĕr
nĕv'ĕr
knōw
tăsk
lā'bŏr
knew (nū)

11

chĭld'ĭsh
Ĕm'mĕlīne
prey
brāke
bush

12–13

rēap'ĕrs
whēat
fôrĕv'ĕr
crŭm'ble
ru'ĭns
mōuld'ĕr

14–16

Mârie' (rē)
Clâire
pŭffs
tĭck'le
hĕav'ȳ
sĭlk'ȳ

17

hăm'mock
toŭch

18–20

märked
pĭtch'ĕr
chōose
Rŏb'ĕrt
bāse
shout
scrăm'ble
clăp'pĭng

21–23

trŏt
lĭved
rē'allȳ

23–26

kĕt'tle
ā'pron
spēaks
läugh (läf)

pĭct′ūre
Bĕr′thȧ

26–28

mouse
chānged
lī′o͝n
fĭlled
jŭn′gle
crĕpt
rōar

29–31

pŭd′dles
show′ĕr
spout
Hā′zĕl
ŭmbrĕl′lȧ
păt′tĕrĭng
bŏt′tle
rŭb′bērs
cŭn′nĭng
wĕl′cȯme

32–34

Săn′dў
crăb
ŭg′lў
sprĕad
mĕd′dle
trŭst
sēa′son (zn)

35

frŏst

36–39

tȯngue
bĕnch

Prŏs′pĕr
ăr′ro͝w
rōōf
gŭt′tĕr
brôught
lăd′dēr
spoil
bĭrth′dāy
mȯn′eў
howl

40–43

sō′fȧ
drŏpped
spōōl
knēēs
coŭs′in (zn)
vĭs′ĭt
clōak
shạwl
flăt′ĭron (ûrn)
clōthes
smōōthed

44–47

sīde′wạlks
līfe′lĕss
hŭn′drĕds
dȯz′e͝ns
sĕl′dȯm
trŏugh (trŏf)
bu͝sh′ĕl
bŭnch′ĕs
ĕmp′tў
hăp′pĭĕst
brĕak′fȧst

48

ōvĕrhĕad′

49–52

mō′mĕnt
frĭsk′ў
tûr′nĭp
wo͝lf
ăn′swēred (sērd)
rĕm′ĕdў

53–55

blīnd
pĕn′nĭes
sŭp′pĕr
.cûrls
vĕl′vĕt
proud
piēce
growl

56

găl′lŏp

57–58

Brĭdg′ĕt
wĭck′ĕd
rŏcks
thôught
ȧmȯng′
bōnes
quī′ĕt
boil

59–61

stŭck
tā′ble
ȧcrŏss′
bēhīnd′
pŏck′ĕt
dĭz′zў
ȧround′
trĭck

61–63

hănd′kērchĭef
scĭs′so͝rs
căr′rĭed
knīfe
cȯv′ĕr
dĕath
troŭb′le
splăsh

64–66

Frĭtz
nŭt′tĭng
rēplīed′

66–70

Pŏm′peў
yĕs′tērdāy
pĭt′ў
friĕnd
fôrgīve′
rēmĕm′bĕr
ĭndēed′
shīne
spīne
wōōd′chŭck
bărked

72–75

dŏn′keў
Bĕp′pō
Jĕt′tō
Lŏl′lō
bĕyȯnd′
bā′kēr
bu͝tch′ĕr
Nănce
hīres
thĭs′tle (sl)

mū'sĭc
rōam
nēar'ēr
strāyed
chûrch
ŏr'gạn
fēēl'ings
sōul

76–79
tōad
slīme
Tō'bў
nēr'voŭs
rāce
hûr'rў
cōurse

80–82
pûrse
doubt (dout)
ĕarned
ŭn'cle
trou'sērs
wȯn'dērfụl
vĭl'lạge
ȧwākes'
dīed

83–84
mĭd'dle
crā'dle
skīes
rāin'bōw

85–89
līe
bŏn'-bŏn
gĭv'ẹn
dạugh'tēr
mēan
sŭf'fēr
cow'ȧrd
pŭn'ĭshed
wrông
shōul'dēr

90–92
căs'tle
tow'ērs
stĭff
brēēze
Cĭndĕrĕl'lȧ
Dŏn'ȧld
Slēēp'ўtown
stärt
bŭt'tons (tns)
sĭl'lў
wĕal'thў

93–95
lŭll'ȧbў
sŏcks
vĕst
stĭck'ĭng
fĭsh'ēr

96–99
quāil
pär'trĭdge
whīrrs
Stăn'leў
ärt'ĭst
făm'ĭlў
blūe'jāys
wōōd'pĕckērs
Săn'tȧ Clạus
ăv'ĕnūe
clŏs'ĕt
dēlīght'

99–102
pĭck'ĭng
thôught'fụl
chăt'tēr
brânch
wạl'nŭts

103
mŏss'ў
vāle

104–107
rŏb'bēr
ĭnstĕad'
wạn'dĕred
rēcĕss'
thrōat
fŭzz
ōld'ĕr
cīr'cles
ạl'dēr

108–109
blēak
trōōped
wōōd'lănd
glĭs'tened (nd)
flŭt'tēr
bŏb'ŏlĭnks
whĭs'tled

110–113
Ī'rĭs
thrōne
hĕav'ẹns
căr'rĭage
păl'ȧce
mĕs'sĕngēr
brĭdge
mĕs'sạge
sāil'ŏrs

114
pret'tў (prĭt)
ōvĕrtŏps'
buĭlds

115–118
grŭbs
cûrved
dēcāy'
drŭm'mĭng

119–124
chēēr'ў
chĭck'ȧdēē
spĭr'ĭt
Tăm ŏ Shăn'tēr
ō'vercōat
bus'ĭlў (biz)
fēast
shrĭll

125–127
bōast'ĭng
En'glȧnd
(ĭng'glȧnd)
hē'rōes
pâir
ăn'grў
mĭdst

128–130
worst (wûrst)
Mädrĭd'
fōōl'ĭsh
stŭmped

130–132
rụde'lў
chōked
brŭshed

cạught
bŏth′ĕr
fănned

133–137

sōl′dier (jĕr)
ēi′thĕr
brŏth
sạuce
threw (thrụ)
gåsped
point
dĕstrŭc′tion
hạugh′tў
rŭshed

138–142

nạugh′tў
tĕl′ĕgrăph
jăck′ĕts
plŭmp
pŏl′lĕn
pĕt′ạls
pōlīte′nĕss

143

mēad
rējoice′

144–147

hĕdg′ĕs
cow′slīp
hy′acīnth
wrĕn
guĕss
tēase
mēr′chạnt
bought
pĭth
plough′ĭng
dĭstûrb′

148–150

grâss′hŏppēr
Ạurō′rå
gŏd′dĕss
pāint′ĕd
chăr′ĭŏt
Zeŭs
prŏm′ĭse
prâyer
ålärmed′
ēas′ĭlў
gāi′lў
tĭnt′ĕd

151–155

crăck′ĕrs
tŏrpē′dōes

pēa′nŭts
lĕmŏnāde′
snōre
Ĭn′dĭån
tĕr′rĭble
blīs′tĕrs
pårāde′
sō′då
fīre′works(wûrks)
pĭs′tŏl
Băd′gĕr

156–159

wā′gĕs
wĭck′ĕr
åffair′
thrōw′ing
sûrprise′
beaū′tĭful
brought
ūse′less

160–165

chånce
neigh′bŏrs
glånced
låughed
rŏb′ber
spär′kled

dī′amŏnds
glīt′tĕring
spĭed

166–169

roŭgh (rŭf)
ĕxpĕct′ĕd
Wạl′tĕr
scrēam
grŭnt′ĕd

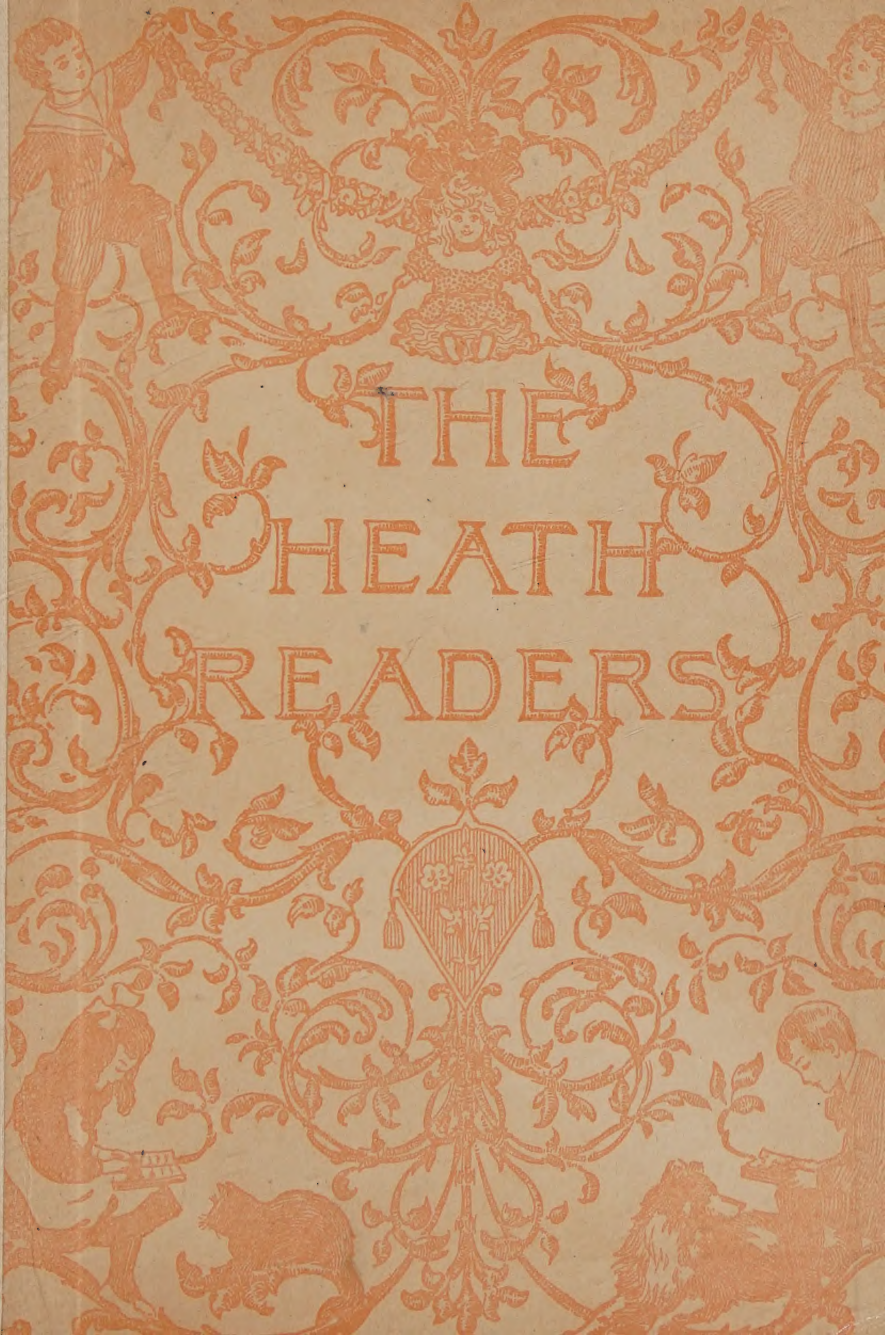
169–173

tĭm′ĭd
sēē′-sạw
ŭnsāfe′
voice
drĭp′pĭng
shĭv′ĕrĭng
frĭght
fē′vĕr

173–176

wȯr′rў
strāight
crēat′ūres
fēat′ūres
pûrsūe′

THE HEATH READERS


THE
HEATH
READERS

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